

WEEKLY

VOLUME III.

VISITOR

OR,

## LADIES' MISCELLANY

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,  
 "TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

No. 49]

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1805

[Whole No. 153]

## FAMILY PRIDE, and PARENTAL CRUELTY.

*Exemplified in the interesting History of Mons. and Madame du F.—*  
*(From Letters written in France in the Summer of 1790. By Miss Helen Marian Williams.)*  
*(Continued from Page 178.)*

I will not attempt to describe the wretchedness of Madame du F.—, when she heard the report of her husband's situation: Your heart will conceive what she suffered far better than I can relate it. Three months after this, fully Mons. du F.— contrived through the assistance of the charitable old monk, to send her a few lines written with his left hand, some aid, some consolation, and some hope. My fall (he says) has made my captivity known, and has led the whole town of Rouen to take an interest in my misfortunes. Perhaps, I shall have reason to bless the accident, which may possibly prove the means of procuring me my liberty, and uniting me again to you. In the meantime I trust that providence will withhold paternal goodness over the two objects of my most tender affection. Do not, my dearest wife, suffer the thoughts of my situation to prey too much upon your mind. My mind is almost well; my

thigh and foot are not quite cured; but I am getting better.

"I could not suppress my tears on reading that part of your letter, wherein you tell me that my dear little girl often asks for her papa—Kiss her for me a thousand times, and tell her that her papa is always thinking of her and her dear mama. I am well convinced that you will give her the best education your little pittance can afford. But above all, beseech you, inspire her young mind with sentiments of piety; teach her to love her Creator, that is the most essential of all lessons. Adieu dearest and most beloved of women! Is there a period in reserve when we shall meet again? Oh how amply will that moment compensate for all our misfortunes!"

At length the parliament of Rouen began to interest itself in the cause of Mons. du F.—. The circumstances of his confinement were mentioned in that assembly, and the president sent his secretary to Mons. du F.—'s prison, who had now quitted his bed, and was able to walk with the assistance of crutches. By the advice of the president Mons. du F.— addressed some letters to the parliament, representing his situation in the most pathetic terms, and imploring their interference in his behalf. It is here necessary to mention, that

Mons. de Bel-B.—, procureur-general de Rouen, being intimately connected with the baron du F.—'s family, had ventured to demonstrate his friendship for the baron, by confining his son nearly three years on his own authority, and without any lettre de cachet. And though Mons. de Bel-B.— well knew that every species of oppression was connived at, under the shelter of lettres de cachet, he was sensible, that it was only beneath their auspices that the exercise of tyranny was permitted, and in this particular instance, not having been much deluded by the appearance of lenity, he apprehended, that if ever Mons. du F.— regained his liberty, he might be made responsible for his conduct. He therefore exerted all his influence, and with too much success, to frustrate the benevolent intention of the president of the parliament respecting Mons. du F.—. His letters were indeed read in that assembly, and ordered to be registered, where they still remain a record of the pusillanimity of those men, who suffered the authority of Mons. de Bel-B.— to overcome the voice of humanity, who acknowledged the atrocity of the baron du F.—'s conduct, and yet were deaf to the supplications of his son, who, from the depth of his dungeon, called upon them for protection and redress.

According to rule, the ambassador of the French again returned.



May the fate of the captive, in the land of France, no more hang suspended on the frail thread of the pity, or the caprice of individuals! May justice erect, on eternal foundations, her protecting sanctuary for the oppressed; and may humanity and mercy be the graceful decorations of her temple!

The baron du F— perceived that, notwithstanding his machinations had prevented the parliament of Rouen from taking any effectual measures towards liberating his son, it would be impossible to silence the murmurs of the public, while he remained confined in St. Yon. He determined, therefore, to remove him to some distant prison, where his name and family were unknown, and where beyond the jurisdiction of the parliament of Rouen, his groans might rise unpitied and unavenged. But the baron, not daring, amidst the general clamor, to remove his son by force, endeavored to draw him artfully into the snare he had prepared.

Mons. de B— was sent to his brother's prison, where he represented to him, that, though he must not indulge the least hope of ever regaining his liberty, yet if he would write a letter to Mons. M—, keeper of the seals, desiring to be removed to some other place, his confinement should be made far less rigorous. Mons. du F— was now in a state of desperation, that rendered him almost careless of his fate. He perceived that the parliament had renounced his cause. He saw no possibility of escaping from St. Yon; and flattered himself that in a place where he was less closely confined, it might perhaps be practicable; and therefore he consented to write the letter required, which Mons. du B— conveyed in triumph to his father. There were, however, some expressions in the letter which the baron disapproved: on which account he returned it, desiring that those expressions might be changed. But, during the interval of his brother's absence, Mons. du F— had reflected on the rash imprudence of confiding in the promises of those by whom he had been so cruelly deceived. No sooner, therefore, did Mons. du B— put the letter again into his hands, than he tore it into pieces, and peremptorily refused to write another.

Soon after this, Mons. du B—, the ambassador of the tyrant, again return-

ed to his brother with fresh credentials and declared to him, that if he would, write to the keeper of the seals, desiring to be removed from St. Yon, he should, in one fortnight after his removal, be restored to liberty. Upon Mons. du F—'s asserting that he could no longer confide in the promises made him by his family, his brother, in a formal written engagement, to which he signed his name, gave him the most solemn assurance that this promise should be fulfilled with fidelity. Mons. du F— desired a few days for deliberation, and, during that interval, found means of consulting a magistrate of Rouen, who was his friend, and who advised him to comply with the terms that were offered, after having caused several copies of the writing engagement to be taken, and certified by such of the prisoners at St. Yon as were likely to regain their freedom; a precaution necessary, lest his own copy should be torn from his hands.

Thus, having neither trusted to the affection, the mercy, or the remorse of those, within whose bosoms such sentiments were extinguished; having bargained by a written agreement, with a father and a brother, for his release from the horrors of perpetual captivity; Mons. du F— wrote the letter required.

Soon after, an order was sent from Versailles for his release from the prison of St. Yon; and with it a *lettre de cachet*, whereby he was exiled to Beauvais, with a command, not to leave that town. Mons. du B—, acting as a *cavalier de la maréchaussée*, (or officer of Justice) conducted his brother to this place of exile, and there left him. A short time after, Mons. du F— received an intimation from that magistrate of Rouen who had interested himself in his misfortunes, that his father was on the point of obtaining another *lettre de cachet*, to remove him from Beauvais, to some prison in the south of France, where he might never more be heard of. This gentleman added, that Mons. du F— had not one moment to lose, and advised him immediately to attempt his escape.

Early on the morning, after he received this intelligence, Mons. du F—, who had the liberty to walk about the town, fled from Beauvais. The person who brought him the letter from the

magistrate, waited for him at a little distance from the town, and accompanied him on his journey. When they reached Lisle in Flanders, not having a passport, they were obliged to wait from eleven o'clock at night till ten the next morning, before they could obtain permission from the governor to proceed on their journey. Mons. du F— concluded that he was pursued, and suffered the most dreadful apprehensions of being overtaken. His companion with some address, at length obtained a passport, and attended him as far as Ostend. The wind proving contrary, he was detained two days in a state of the most distracting inquietude, and concealed himself on board the vessel in which he had taken his passage for England. At length the wind became favorable; the vessel sailed, and arrived late in the night at Margate. Mons. du F—, when he reached the English shore, knelt down, and, in a transport of joy, kissed the earth of that dear country which had twice proved his asylum.

He then enquired when the stage coach set off for London, and was told that it went at so early an hour the next morning, that he could not go till the day after, as he must wait till his portmanteau was examined by the custom-house officers, who were now in bed. The delay of a few hours in seeking his wife and child, after such an absence, after such sufferings, was not to be endured. In a violent agitation of mind, he snatched up his portmanteau, and was going to fling it into the sea, when he was prevented by the people near him, who said, that if he would pay the fees, his portmanteau should be sent after him. He eagerly complied with their demands, and set out for London. As he drew near, his anxiety, his impatience, his emotion, increased—his present situation appeared to him like one of those delicious dreams, which sometimes visited the darkness of his dungeon, and, for awhile, restored him, in imagination, to those he loved. Scarcely could he persuade himself that he was beyond the reach of oppression—that he was in a land of freedom—that he was hastening every moment towards his wife and child. When he entered London, his sensations became almost too strong to bear. He was in the very same place which his wife and child inhabited—but were they yet alive?—were they in health?—had heaven indeed reserved for him the trans-



port of holding them once more to his bosom—of mixing his tears with theirs? When he knocked at the door of the house where he expected to hear Madame du F——, he had scarcely power to articulate his enquiries after her and her child. He was told that they were in health, but that Madame du F—— being in a situation six miles from London, he could not see her till the next morning. Mons. du F—— had not been in a bed for several nights, and was almost overcome with agitation and fatigue. He, however, instantly set out on foot for the habitation of his wife, announced himself to the mistress of the family, and remained in another apartment, while she, after making Madame du F—— promise that she would listen to her with calmness, told her, that there was a probability of her husband's return to England. He heard the sobs, the exclamations of his wife at this intelligence—he could restrain no longer—he rushed into the room—he flew into her arms—he continued pressing her in silence to his bosom. She was unable to shed a tear; and it was not till after he had endeavored to sooth her by his tenderness, and had talked to her of her child, that she obtained relief from weeping. She then with the most violent emotion, again and again, repeated the same enquiries, and was a considerable time before she recovered any degree of composure.

(To be continued.)

## MILITARY ANECDOTES.

(From the Military Mentor.)

Being a series of letters recently written by a General Officer to his Son.

### ON HUMANITY.

**A**N officer cannot acquire the military virtues but in proportion as he shall practice the moral ones. Among the latter, humanity holds the first rank, and gives a lustre to all the others.

War, that expedient to which originally the vices and follies of mankind prompted them for the arbitration of their contradictory interests and opinions, appears in its most terrible form when unchecked in its excesses by the interference of this amiable virtue.

Charles the Bald, duke of Burgundy, having met with very great resistance in besieging the town of Nesle, as soon as it surrendered to him, he ordered the inhabitants to be put to the sword, the commanding officer to be hung on the ramparts, and the whole town to be set on fire. Then, looking on these atrocities with the greatest coolness, he said to one of his attendants—Such fruit does the tree of war bear!

Happily, however, for the world, the heroes of military story have not always been of such principles. Brave men (said Henry IV. of France) are the last to advise war, but the first to go into the field after it is determined upon. He answered those persons who wished him to break off a treaty of capitulation, that it was a thing against nature, and barbarous, to make war for the mere love of war; and that a prince should never refuse a peace, unless it was extremely disadvantageous to his country. There would (added he) be fewer wars in the world, if every sovereign would visit his military hospitals the next day after a battle.

A single trait of humanity has often gained a hero greater honor and applause than the most brilliant and dazzling achievements. The battles of Arbella, of Zama, and of Pharsalia, were less glorious for Alexander, Scipio, and Caesar, and have rendered their names less dear to posterity, than the opportunities of generosity which they effectually afforded to their respective heroes.

Plutarch relates, that one of the principal citizens of Athens having been taken prisoner by the Macedonians, was so well treated by them, that when they were about to release him, he said to his countrymen, who were surprised at seeing him shed tears, Do you think I can without regret take leave of a city which contains enemies so generous, that it will be difficult to find elsewhere friends equally valuable! This conduct of the Macedonians subdued more people to Alexander than the power of his arms.

The truly great man is always a good citizen: he considers humanity as the first of his duties: he is just, simple, disinterested, and unassuming to all. He may be quick and rapid in his movements, but they will be always tempered

by wisdom and kindness: he is never terrible but to the enemy; to his superiors he is submissive; easy with his equals, affable with his inferiors, accessible to all. He does not pride himself upon his talents; he will take care to notice and to reward those of others; in short, my son, you will see him at all times sacrificing his own glory and his own advantage to the good of his country.

The interests of his own private fortune, unjust insults from others, or ill grounded prejudice and prepossession against him, will never induce him to swerve from that moderation which regulates the whole of his conduct.

Humanity is frank and disinterested: self-interest is sufficient to tarnish the noblest actions of a warrior; for the people, who, in this case, will not fail to ascribe his actions to avarice, will withhold from him the praise he justly earned. The satisfaction of acquiring the esteem and the love of a whole province—is not this of infinitely greater value than the possession of a sum of money which has been wrung from the tears of the unfortunate, and which has caused the ruin of an hundred families?

When Turenne, after the war of the Venetians against the Turks, was about to return to France, the Slavonians, in offering to him their parting wishes, thus addressed him; We pray with all our hearts, that, wherever you go, you may be received with affection and with respect equal to your merits; but, should you one day have need of us, we now offer you, in the name of all our comrades, to lead ten thousand men, wherever you may direct in your service.

Countries would not suffer half the distresses which are the ordinary consequence of hostilities, if the leaders of an army strictly observe that no further outrages were committed than the laws of war and the duty of self defence absolutely enjoin. Thus the claims of nature and of humanity would be fulfilled, and the indignation and the curses of the inhabitants would not, as is too generally the case, follow the footsteps of the victorious army.

There have been instances of officers not deficient either in bravery or in skill who, at the same time, sought only to enrich themselves; and who, sacrificing



to this base motive the interests both of their prince and of their country, have, under pretence of the rights of war, permitted the greatest outrages.—Sordid and ignoble characters! calculated to corrupt an army, and to make a nation deserted.—Should you ever have such officers under your command, you cannot watch their conduct too narrowly. How much more noble are such instances as the following?

When Bresse was taken by storm from the Venetians, the chevalier Bayard saved a house from plunder whither he had retired to have a dangerous wound dressed which he received in the siege; and secured the mistress of the family and her two daughters, who were hid in it. At his departure, the lady, as a mark of her gratitude, offered him a casket containing two thousand five hundred ducats; which he obstinately refused. But observing that his refusal was very displeasing to her, and not wishing to leave her dissatisfied, he consented to accept of her present; and calling to him the two young ladies, to take his leave of them, he presented each of them with a thousand ducats, to be added to their portion, and left the remaining five hundred to be distributed among the inhabitants that had been plundered.

Gonsalvo, surnamed the Great Captain, took Naples by storm in the year 1503; and when some of his soldiers expressed their disapprobation at not having a sufficient share in the spoil of that rich city, Gonsalvo nobly replied—*I will repair your bad fortune. Go to my apartment; take there all you can find; I give it all into your hands!*

It is, indeed at the dreadful cries of entering a town by storm, that it becomes more peculiarly necessary to watch with severity the conduct of the soldiers in the article of humanity. On such occasions, the fatigues perhaps of a protracted or vexatious siege, the intoxication of triumph, sometimes, as in the last example, and thirst for plunder, are effectual in producing excess of cruelty and barbarity, which, to all civilized nations, have long been banished from every kind of contest in the open field.—Should you, my son, in the course of your service, be the witness of a scene of this nature, I charge you, by every principle of your duty as a man and as an officer, to exert yourself to pre-

vent such shameful disorder, and to preserve the wreath of your victory undefiled with the stains of murder or of cowardice; for both these are included in the slaughter of unarmed inhabitants and of a conquered foe. A writer remarks, that it is incontestible that the military spirit is the bulwark and defence of a state, and must be carefully kept up and sustained; but, like a dog that is kept to guard a house, must be chained up, and seldom let loose lest he should fall upon those even whom he was intended to protect.

The Russians took by storm the city of Narva, which was defended on the part of Sweden, by general Horn. In defiance of the express orders of the emperor, the cruel and unsparing Russian soldiery carried fire and destruction into every quarter of the town, slaughtering the inhabitants without mercy. Peter the Great threw himself, sword in hand, into the midst of the massacre; and forced the defenceless women and children from his merciless and savage troops, who were upon the point of putting them all to death. He killed with his own hand, no less than fifty of his ferocious soldiers, whom the heat of the carnage rendered deaf to his voice; and at last succeeded so far as to curb the fury of this unlicensed scene, and to collect his dispersed and scattered troops.

The conqueror, covered with dust, with sweat, and with blood, hastened to the town-house, where the principal inhabitants of the place had taken refuge. His terrible and threatening air greatly alarmed these unhappy people. As soon as he entered the hall, he laid his sword upon a table; then addressing himself to the affrighted multitude, who waited their doom in anxious silence, he assured, (said he) that it is not with the blood of your fellow citizens this sword is stained, but with that of mine own soldiers, whom I have been sacrificing for your preservation.

(To be continued.)

#### SLANDER.

FEW persons are exempted from the tongue of slander. Though the virtues of man may obtain general en-

comium, yet some will always be found ready to discover flaws in his character. Lucian has illustrated this propensity in the following words:—"There is no more effectual instrument of calumny than the love of novelty, which is natural to all mankind, joined to the disgust arising from satiety and a passion for the marvellous and incredible: add to this, we are all fond, I know not why, of listening to private suspicions which are whispered to us. I know many whose ears itch with calumny; as if their ears were tickled with a feather. No wonder that with such assistance she persuades all, especially where she is in no danger of being confronted. The columniated, like a city taken by night, are slain in their sleep."

Mr. Roberts has given us a whimsical elucidation of the above remarks of Lucian: he says, "A certain widow, tho' pretty much advanced in life, had a mind to marry again. As her fortune was very large, she thought herself entitled to a young husband; and accordingly fixed her eyes upon a handsome youth, who had nothing but his personal recommendation to depend upon.—She plainly perceived that there would be no difficulty on his part, but she dreaded the censure and ridicule of her neighbors. In this perplexity she communicated her wishes and alarms to a maiden sister who lived in her house, and who possessed an uncommon share of shrewdness and address for all such occasions. "Sister," says the amorous widow, "what think you of Leander? he is surely the picture of my late husband! Alas! I should never have yielded my heart but to this irresistible resemblance. What shall I do? for I am in a dreadful consternation about what my neighbors may say of me, being well acquainted with their malice and cruelty:—the purest love is not sheltered from their ill-natured ridicule.—Were it not for that this dear young man should—but—" "How absurd is all this, my dear sister!" replied the other.—"Follow your inclinations, and don't tell me of such foolish fears. You will be sung, hooted, holloosed after, and chalked up for eight days;—on the ninth day they will think no more of you than one thinks of a friend one has quitted for three months. That ass, which you see yonder, shall, if you please, impose silence on the whole parish, about you, the morning after your nuptials."—"That ass!"—"Yes, that ass. Mar-



ry, I say, and leave the rest to me and the ass." The widow was easily persuaded, and the marriage was concluded, on the credit of the ass. Dreadful outcry in the parish—rough music before their doors—not a soft thing could be heard from the mouth of either party, for the noise of kettles and frying pans. In the mean time the sister had painted the ass as green as a parrot; and out rushed the phenomenon, with a triumphant bray, into the midst of the crowd. In an instant every kettle and pan was mute, and every soul in the parish crouded round so strange a prodigy. "A green ass! Good heavens, who would have believed it! Well wonders will never cease. How surprising is nature in all her operations?"—"I dreamed," cries an old woman, "of this very ass a week ago. I am sure it betokeneth some bad to our town. A number of white mice appeared in my youth." Such observations and exclamations as these took the place of the clamor about the new married couple. The green ass lasted its eight days, and then there was no more curiosity about the green ass than there had been about the new married couple the moment the ass appeared."

The arrows of calumny have been aimed at the wisest and best men in all ages. Even the greatest of ancient philosophers, *Socrates*, could not escape; but was put to death on account of the false charges brought against him by *Melitus*. After his death, the falsity of the charges being known, the enraged Athenians deservedly condemned to death the author of them.—Let those, therefore, who are given to detraction, remember the fate of *Melitus*; for tho' they may not loose their lives, they may loose what is esteemed by some dearer than life, their reputation.

#### A REASONABLE WOMAN.

The following curious letter is taken from the *Harleian collection of manuscripts*, No. 7003, fol. 105.

LADY COMPTON TO HER HUSBAND.

My sweet Life,

NOW I have declared to you my mind for the settling of your estate, I suppose that it were best for me to bethink and consider within myself what allowance were meetest for me; for consider what care I ever had of your

estate, and how respectfully I dealt with those which, both by the laws of God, of nature, and civil policy, wit, religion, government, and honesty, you my dear are bound to.—I pray and beseech you to grant to me, your kind and loving wife, the sum of two thousand six hundred pounds, quarterly to be paid. Also I would, besides that allowance, have six hundred pounds to be paid quarterly for the performance of charitable works, and those things I would not, neither will be accountable for. Also, I will have three horses for my own saddle, that none shall dare to lend or borrow;—none lend but I, none borrow but you.—Also I would have two gentlewomen, lest one should be sick, or have some other let: also, because it is an indecent thing for a gentlewoman to stand mumping alone, when God had blessed their lord and lady with a great estate. Also, when I ride a hunting, or a hawking, or travel from one house to another, I will have them attending; so for either of those said women I must and will have for either of them a house. Also, I will have six or eight gentlemen; and I will have my two coaches, one lined with velvet to myself, with four very fair horses, and a coach for my women lined with cloth, and faced with gold; the other with scarlet, and laced with silver, with four good horses. Also, I will have two coachmen, one for my own coach, the other for my women. Also, at any time when I travel, I will be allowed not only carriages, and spare horses for me and my women, but I will have such carriages as shall be fitting for all, orderly, not pestering my things with my women, nor theirs with either chamber-maids, nor theirs with the wash-maids.

Also for the loandress, when I travel, I will have them sent away before with the carriages to see all safe. And the chamber-maids I will have go before that the chamber may be ready, sweet and clean. Also, for that it is indecent to croud up myself with my gentleman-usher in my coach, I will have him to have a convenient horse to attend me, either in city or country. And I must have two footmen. And my desire is that you defray all the charges for me. And for myself, besides my yearly allowance, I would have twenty gowns of apparel, six of them excellent good ones, eight of them for the country, and six others of them very excellent good ones. Also I would have to put in my

purse, two thousand and two hundred pounds, and so you to pay my debts. Also I would have six thousand pounds to buy my jewels, and four thousand to buy me a pearl chain.—

Now seeing I have been, and am so reasonable unto you, I pray you to find the children apparel, and their schooling, and all my servants, men and women, their wages. Also, I will have all my houses furnished, and my lodging chambers to be suited with all such furniture as is fit; as beds, stools, chairs, suitable cushions, carpets, silver warming pans, cupboards of plate, fair hangings, and such like. So for my drawing chambers, in all houses, I will have them delicately furnished, both with hangings, couch, canopy, glass, carpet, chairs, cushions, and all things thereunto belonging. Also my desire is, that you would pay your debts, build up Ashby house, and purchase lands, lend no money, as you love God, to the lord Chamberlain, who would have all, perhaps your life from you. Remember his son, my lord Walden, what entertainment he gave me, when you were at Tiltyard. If you were dead, he said, he would be a husband, a father, a brother, and said he would marry me. I protest I grieve to see the poor man have so little wit and honesty to use his friends so vilely.—Also he fed me with untruths concerning the charter-house: but that is the least, he wished much harm, you know him. God keep you and me from him, and any such as he is! So now that I have declared to you what I would have, and what is I would not have, I pray when you be an earl, to allow me two thousand pounds more than I now desire, and double attendance.

Your loving wife.

ELIZA COMPTON.

#### TO PREVENT THE DECAY OF THE TEETH.

By Dr. J. Brickell.

TO keep the gums sound and the breath sweet, wash with one of the following prescriptions night and morning:

Put the size of a nutmeg of unslacked lime, either of stone or oyster shell, fresh burnt, into a quart bottle, nearly



filled with hot water; keep it so stoppered as to exclude the air—it must be permitted to cool before using—one or two mouth-fuls will be sufficient to wash at a time.

Or mix four table spoonfuls of ley of wood ashes, or one tea spoonful of salt of tartar, in a bottle of warm water, as above, and use it in the same manner. This is a good remedy. The lime water is entitled to a small degree of preference.

N. B. Bits of meat must not be suffered to remain between the teeth; but ought to be gently picked out by a quill tooth-pick—and nuts must not be cracked with the teeth.

*Southern Patriot.*

## The Visitor.

SATURDAY, September 7, 1805.

### LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city inspector reports the death of 54 persons during the week ending on Saturday last.

OF CONSUMPTION 6—cancer 1—convulsions 4—debility 2—diarrhœa 1—dropsy 2—dropsy in the head 1—dysentery 2—epilepsy 1—intermittent fever 1—remittent fever 1—typhus fever 1—infantile flux 14—hives 2—inflammation of the bowels 1—old age 1—palsy 1—rheumatism 1—small pox 2—sore throat 1—sprue 1—suicide in a fit of insanity 1—teething 3—ulcer 2—and one of malignant fever, a young man, a native of Scotland, who died at no. 8 Batavia-lane after an illness of four days.

Of whom 11 were men—10 women—16 boys—and 17 girls.

Of whom 17 were of and under the age of one year—12 between 1 and 2—3 between 2 and 5—1 between 5 and 10—3 between 10 and 20—4 between 20 and 30—4 between 30 and 40—1 between 40 and 50—2 between 50 and 60—3 between 60 and 70—3 between 70 and 80—and 1 between 80 and 90.

### OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF HEALTH,

September 5, 1805.

Since the last report of the Board nothing has occurred with respect to the health of the city to justify alarm until

within three days, during which period, the Board have been assiduously employed, not only in executing the precautionary powers deposited in their hands, but in obtaining as accurate an account as possible of the true state of general health.

In the conflict of opinions it is extremely difficult to arrive at the truth, but the Board submit the following as the result of their enquiries. Ten cases of malignant fever have occurred since Monday last, five cases of a doubtful nature, some of which have been removed into the country or Marine Hospital, and four deaths.

Popular rumor has vastly exaggerated the number of cases, whereby undue alarm has been excited. The Board are extremely anxious to impress on their fellow citizens the impropriety of giving credit to unauthenticated reports, as they may rest assured that, as long as the present unfavorable state of the public health continues, a candid, undisguised account of the real situation of the city shall be regularly published.

Considerable anxiety has prevailed respecting the power of the Board to remove persons sick of malignant fever. This power, which has been legally invested in the Board, and which has for a long time been exercised by the commissioners of the health office, has, in every instance, been used with the utmost delicacy and discretion. Of those patients who were citizens it has been left entirely at their option to provide retreats. Others who have been removed to the marine Hospital were mostly strangers, friendless, and without families, and have been provided with every comfort and convenience. Should the fever continue to prevail, Bellevue Hospital will be opened. The buildings belonging to this establishment have been recently repaired with considerable improvements, and every accommodation has been liberally provided for the sick.

The part of the city which at present appears to be the principal seat of the disease is Water and Front streets, between the Fly market and Old slip.

September 6, 1805.  
Since the last report two deaths have occurred by malignant fever, to wit. John Brannon, No. 15 Augustus-street, and Edward Teeny, No. 122 Front-street.

Three cases of malignant fever and four doubtful ones have been reported to the board.

By order of the Board of Health.

DEWITT CLINTON, Pres.

JAMES HARDIE, Sec.

HEALTH OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA, September 2.

#### City Hospital Report.

Admitted last 24 hours, 8  
Discharged cured, 3  
Died since last report, 1  
Remaining, 21

September 4th.

Admitted last 24 hours, 5  
Discharged cured, 2  
Died since last report, 1  
Remaining, 24

### UNHAPPY ACCIDENT.

We are sorry to have it in our power to record an instance of the fatal consequences arising from the imprudent use of fire arms, which has taken place within our neighborhood. Accidents of this kind so frequently occur that it is much to be regretted that a more vigilant caution is not excited.

On Thursday, the first inst. as the wife of Mr. Presbury Devol, of waterford, was attempting to strike fire by means of a musket, which unknown to her had been loaded with five rifle balls it unfortunately went off, and sent its contents through the thigh of her daughter, a child of about two years old, which fractured it in such a shocking manner that no hopes are entertained for its recovery.—Mr. Devol had used the musket for the purpose of striking fire after it was loaded, but had taken care to prevent the fire from communicating to the charge, which his wife (not knowing it to be loaded) had not done. The anguish of the parents is better conceived than described, and those only who know the ties which unite a child to a mother's heart, and who have felt the pains of separation under the most trying circumstances, can judge of what must be felt by the unhappy mother.

Ohio Gazette.



On Thursday last arrived at the seat of Mr. Le Guen, at Morrisville, Pennsylvania, opposite Trenton, the celebrated General MOREAU, and family. — This gentleman is now in the 41st year of his age; his stature about the middle size—his appearance plain and unassuming. He comes to this country an exile from that of his nativity, where, for the last ten years, he distinguished himself in the command of the army of the Rhine as one of the bravest and ablest generals of the age. The character of General Moreau, as a soldier and citizen, is the most unexceptionable of any of the leaders of the French Revolution. By his great worth and brilliant achievements he became uncommonly popular in the French nation and armies—this excited Bonaparte's jealousy—he therefore sought his downfall, and obtained a decree for his banishment. His family consists of his wife and two children—he is said to possess an ample fortune.

Also Major Blaze Rozie, of Reon, to Miss Mary Le Brun, both daughters of Mr. Martin Le Brun, merchants of this city.



DIED.

On Wednesday afternoon, Mr. Robert Noble, merchant, of this city, aged 74 years.

At Portland, Mrs. Mehitable Preble, aged 77, relict of the late brigadier-general Preble, and mother of commodore Preble.

In Salem, Mrs. Elizabeth Carlton, aged 33 widow of the late Mr. William Carlton, and proprietress of the Salem Register.

On Sunday last, Mrs. Charlotte Amelia Bayley, relict of the late Dr. Richard Bayley, of this city.

On Wednesday, the 4th instant, Mr. Daniel Spinnage, of this city.

JUST PUBLISHED,

And for sale by J. HEWITT, At his Musical Repository No. 59 Maiden Lane,

WHA WANTS ME.

Sung with great applause by MISS DELINGER.

JUST LIKE LOVE.

Sung with great applause by Mr. HOBKINSON.

THE DEATH OF WILLIAM.

OH! FATAL WAS THE MORNING.

THE MAID OF THE MEAD,

THE BABY'S HUSH-A-BYE.

Scales, Weights, & Measures.

ABRAHAM CARGILL, PUBLIC SEALER OF WEIGHTS, MEASURES, SCALE BEAMS, & YARDS,

No. 250, Water-street.

Four doors West of Peck Slip;

Where he continues to carry on his Manufactory of Tin, Copper, Brass, Sheet and Iron, Ware; and keeps on hand, a general assortment of Scales, Weights, and Measures, with a variety of Japan'd Pewter and Hollow Ware.

N. B. Weights and Measures Adjusted and Sealed at the shortest notice.

W. S. TURNER.

Inform his friends and the public, that he has removed from No. 15, PARK, to No. 71 Nassau-street, where he practices PHYSIC, and the profession of SURGEON DENTIST.

He fits ARTIFICIAL TEETH upon such principles that they are not merely ornamental, but answer the desirable purposes of nature, and so neat in appearance that they cannot be discovered from the most natural. — His method also of CLEANING the TEETH is generally approved of, and allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set without incurring the slightest pain, or injury to the enamel. — In the most raging TOOTH-ACHE his TINCTURE has rarely proved ineffectual, but if the DECAY is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting CARIOUS TEETH upon the most improved CHIRURGICAL principles is attended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any gentleman or lady at their respective houses, or he may be consulted at No. 71 Nassau-st. where may be had his ANTISCORBUTIC TOOTH-POWDER, an innocent and valuable preparation of his own from chymical knowledge. It has been considerably esteemed the last ten years; and many medical characters both use and recommend it, as by a constant application of it, the TEETH become beautifully white, the GUMS are braced, and assume a firm and healthful red appearance, the loosened TEETH are rendered fast in their sockets, the breath imparts a delectable sweetness, and that destructive accumulation of TARTAR, together with DECAY and TOOTH-ACHE prevented.

The TINCTURE and POWDER may likewise be had at G. & R. Waite's store, No. 64, Maiden-lane.

VALUABLE INFORMATION

to those who are subject to the Tooth-ach.

BARDWELL'S Tooth-ach drops, the only Medicine yet discovered which gives immediate relief from this tormenting pain.

Since this efficacious medicine was first made public, many thousand persons have experienced its salutary effects. The following recent case is selected from a numerous list.

Extract of a letter recently received.

Gentlemen,

"I had been tormented with the most excruciating pain in my teeth and face for nearly two months, and could obtain no relief from various medicines which I tried. Being strongly recommended to try Bardwell's Tooth-Ache Drops, I procured a bottle, and applied them according to the directions, and also bathed the side of my face with them, which was exceeding sore occasioned by the long continuance of violent pain. In a few minutes after I applied this valuable medicine, the pain entirely ceased, and has never troubled me since. I feel real pleasure in making this acknowledgment of their merit, not only in compliment to you for so happy a discovery, but to insure the public confidence in a medicine so highly deserving, and from which mankind are likely to derive such eminent services. It is certainly the most efficacious medicine I ever heard of. You have my permission to make this letter public.

ELIZABETH CASEMORE.

No. 15, Thomas-Street, New-York. Price, One Dollar.

Sold by appointment at Messrs. Ming & Young's No. 102 Water-Street, Mr. Lawrence Bowers, 433 Pearl-street, & wholesale and retail at Stokes & Co's. Medicine Warehouse No. 26 Bowery Lane.

MARRIED.

On Sunday evening, Mr. George Munns, merchant, to Miss Catherine Roach, both of this city.

On Thursday evening last week, Mr. John Covenhoven, to Miss Ellen Davis, both of Millstown. (N. J.)

On Thursday evening last week, Mr. Thomas Crone to Mrs. Ann White, both of this city.

At Wilmington, on Thursday evening last week, Mr. John Scott, printer, to Miss Catherine Gray, both of Philadelphia.

On Tuesday evening last, Mr. Peter McCarty, to Miss Eliza Ann Sanders, both of this city.

On Monday evening last, Mr. Joseph Cooper, of Birmingham, to Miss Charlotte Le Brun.





## THE GOOSE'S PETITION.

A Parody on "THE BEGGAR'S PETITION."

**P**ITY the sorrows of a poor old Goose,  
Whose feeble steps have borne her to your door,  
Broke down with sorrow, lame, and past all use,  
Oh! give me corn, and Heav'n will bless your store.

My feather'd coat, once lily white and sleek,  
By cruel pluckings grown to bare and thin;  
These rags, alas! do misery bespeak,  
And show my bones just starting through the skin.

"Come, Biddy, come," that well known pleasing sound,  
Stole in soft murmur from dame Parlet's farm:  
For plenty there in youthful days I found,  
So waddled on, unconscious then of harm.

Soon as I reach'd this once blest, happy cot,  
Feeding the pigs, came Parlet from the sty;  
More kicks than half-pence I too surely got,  
She seiz'd a broomstick and knock'd out my eye.

A bandy cur, sworn foe to all our race,  
Some few years past, when I was strong and plump,  
Who, if I hiss'd would run and hide his face,  
Now boldly tears my breeches from my rump.

The wall eye'd brute next bit me through the leg:  
A snotty boy, too, out of wanton joke,  
For whom I've laid, aye, many and many an egg,  
Seiz'd up a stone and this left pinion broke.

To go from hence you see I am not able;  
Oh! take me in, the wind blows piercing cold;  
Short is the passage to the barn or stable,  
Alas! I'm weak and miserably old.

St. Michael's fatal day approaches near,  
A day we all have reason sure to curse,  
E'en at the name my blood runs cold with fear,  
So inimical is that saint to us.

You have misfortunes: why should I repine?  
We're born for food to man, full well I know;  
But, may your fate, ah! never be like mine;  
A poor old Goose of misery and woe.

A numerous flock elected me their queen;  
I then was held of all our race the pride,  
When a bold Gander waddling from Brook Green,  
Declared his love, and I became his bride.

Goslings we had, dear comforts of my life;  
But spite cook, by some mad fancy bit,  
My pretty cackler's kill'd, then stuff'd with sage,  
And their sweet forms expos'd upon the spit.

The murderess next seiz'd on my tender mate;  
Alas! he was too fat to run or fly:  
Like his poor infants yielded unto fate,  
And with his gibbets, cook, she made a pie.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old Goose,  
Whose feeble steps have borne her to your door,  
Broke down with sorrow, lame, and past all use,  
Oh! give me corn and Heav'n will bless your store.

## JUVENILE SORROW.

**A**S I wander'd one morn, thro' yon wood-cover'd valley,  
To pluck the wild thyme, and the blossoms of May,  
I look'd round in vain for my sweet little Sally,  
Whose prattle would sometimes enliven the way.

At length on a stile by a walnut-tree shaded,  
I found her in tears—a dead bird by her lap—  
The joy of her once smiling face was now faded,  
While she, throbbing, related her cruel mishap.

"Alas!" she exclaim'd, "see my little tame Robin,  
The naughty cat kill'd"—and then she caress'd  
And kiss'd the poor victim, and tenderly sobbing,  
Let fall a few tears on its blood sprinkled breast.

I sigh'd, as I said to myself, 'tis with reason,  
That sages declare all is sorrow below;  
For even in childhood's delightful season,  
How quickly is pleasure succeeded by woe!

From the Pic-Nic.

## AN EPIGRAM.

HOMERONCE, a little man!

**A** Counsel once, of pigmy size,  
To make a motion did arise;  
But Kanyon's sight his cause defeated,  
And thinking still the dwarf was seated—  
'Tis common, Sir, with all, said he,  
To stand, when they're addressing me.  
Dumb was the counsel; and offended,  
When thus a wag his cause defended:  
Justice, my lord, from you my friend expects,  
You know, Sir, my friend's not suret (see page 2)

\* This Epigram is founded on fact.

Mr. J. J. J.



N. SMITH.

Chymical Perfumer from London,  
at the New York Hair-Powder  
and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose  
No. 114, opposite the City-Hotel,  
Broad-Way.

Smith's improved Chymical Milk of Roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving—with printed directions—6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His Supertine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.

Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Pomatums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-ball, 2s. and 3s. each.

Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.

Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness and chaps, leaves them quite smooth, 2s.—4s. per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and comfortable, 2s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash-ball, far superior to any other for softening, beautifying and preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

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No. 80, CHURCH STREET.

A handsome Edition of The Children of the Abbey;  
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## TICKETS

In Whole, Halves, Quarters, or Eighthths, in the  
Battin Kill Turnpike road Lottery, to commence  
drawing without any doubt in December next. Prizes  
in former Lotteries, taken in payment for tickets.

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